

blueboys and teddy bears by pikedexter

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Getting Together, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-15

Updated: 2021-03-15

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:34:50

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 861

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

When there's a knock on the door Steve isn't expecting a crying Billy Hargrove holding a teddy bear but here he is.

Aka: i wrote a prompt for someone else as a distraction.

blueboys and teddy bears

Author's Note:

this is like six months old but i though i'd post it here. one of these days i'll post my hopper and billy fic.

Of all the things Steve expected when he opened the door Billy Hargrove hugging a teddy bear was not one of them. He was ready to slam the door in his face but it was snowing heavily and Hargrove was no where near dressed for it and there were tears in his eyes. A sob wrenched itself from his chest.. So against his better judgment, Steve stepped to the side and let him in.

“You uh, you ok there?” He asked as Hargrove shuffled in, shivering violently. All he could do was shake his head. Steve wasn’t really sure how to react to that.

“Okay, well you must be freezing. I’ll go grab something warmer for you to put on. Just go and wait on the couch, okay? I’ll be right back.” Steve hurried up the stairs and to his room, grabbing a sweater, a pair of sweatpants and some warm socks. He stopped to turn up the heater and grab a blanket.

When he got back Hargrove was exactly where he left him. Steve sighed, something was seriously wrong but Hargrove wasn’t in a talking mood it seemed. He let Steve lead him over to the couch.

“We gotta get you into something warmer, okay?” But Hargrove didn’t do much more than continue to cry. He tried to pull the bear from his hands just to get the sweater on him but Hargrove gripped it tighter and sobbed harder. “Hey, hey it’s okay. Uh, we can work around it. Here lean forward a bit,” Steve spoke as he worked, sliding the sweater over Hargrove’s head and prying one arm at a time from the bear and pulling them through the sleeves and pulling it down over Hargrove’s old tank top.

“Okay we gotta get some sweatpants on now, okay?” Steve continued, first pulling off his boots and then undoing his belt and

jeans and sliding them down his legs with minimal help. He got the sweatpants on and then the socks, tucking the pants into the tops. Hargrove pulled his knees up to his chest, shivering subsiding a bit but not much. Steve sighed. He sat on the couch by Hargrove, wrapping an arm around him and pulling the blanket around them both.

“Hopefully this’ll help you warm up faster. You gonna tell me what happened?” Hargrove didn’t respond but after a while he leaned into Steve. After a while his cries subsided and he fell asleep. Welp. Looked like Steve wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon. So he layed his head back and closed his eyes.

Steve woke up to Hargrove shifting around beside him and noticed that his head had ended up resting on top of the younger teen’s.

“You ready to tell me what happened?” Steve asked. Hargrove was quiet for a minute, long enough Steve thought he wouldn’t answer.

“My dad found my stash of blueboys. Kicked me out of the house.”

“Your what?” Steve asked, confused. Hargrove sighed.

“Gay skin rags, Harrington. That a problem?”

“No, no. Course not. Wait, those are a thing?”

“Yeah. Can’t find them here in Bumfuck, Indiana though, brought them from California. I’d ask if you wanted to borrow one but well. Neil burned them all.”

“Oh.” Hargrove turned to look at him.

“Why, Harrington, if I didn’t know better I’d say you sound *disappointed*.” He did that tongue thing and grinned when he saw Steve staring. And the next thing he knew Hargrove’s lips were on his. And he was kissing back. But then too soon the younger teen pulled away. When he opened his eyes Hargrove was smirking.

“Been wanting to do that for awhile but figured I’d get my teeth

kicked in.” Steve just shook his head and leaned in to kiss him again. After a while their growling stomachs forced them to pull away.

“Let’s find something to eat.” Steve said, getting up and pulling Hargrove along behind him. The younger teen had the blanket around his shoulders and the bear loosely under one arm.

“He got a name?” Steve asked, nodding to the bear. Hargrove blushed a bit.

“Oatmeal. Uh my mom gave him to me when I was a kid. One of the last things I have from her.” He answered quietly.

“Oh so she’s- I’m sorry.”

“She left. It was a long time ago anyway.”

“She just left you with your dad? What the hell?”

“I don’t want to talk about it, Harrington.”

“Alright. How bout eggs?”

“Sounds good.” Hargrove replied as he sat at the table, the bear resting in his lap. Steve got to work fixing breakfast for them and putting on a pot of coffee. Once everything was ready he went and sat across from Hargrove at the table.

“You can stay here if you want.” He offered.

“Won’t your folks mind?”

“Nah. They’re never here anyway.” Hargrove looked at him a moment, assessing.

“If you’re sure. Only til I can find a place. Don’t want to be in you hair too long.”

“You can stay as long as you need.”

“OK, thanks. For..” he trailed off, gesturing, meaning for everything. Steve nodded and they ate their breakfast in companionable silence.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading! original post [here](#)
Bear name from [ihni](#)